THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

Messieurs Editors,

The following poem was written by a very young student at Princeton college. Should you think it worthy its insertion, it is at your service. U.

TO EUDOCIA. *An Ode.*

Oh fairest of thy sex! forbear
This yielding heart to move:
These matchless charms no longer wear,
Or must I speak my love.

Too soon, alas! with soft desires,
My youthful bosom glows;
Too soon the voice of love inspires,
Too soon for my repose.

Why did the wanton archer aim,
His fatal shafts at me?
Why did he fan the growing flame,
And my swift doom decree?

Why call me thus in early youth,
From wisdom's awful cell,
Where rob'd in light, majestic truth
With fame and virtue dwell.

Ere yet my searchful eye had gaz'd,
Scarce half of learning's store,
Just as my waken'd powers were rais'd,
And taught to search for more.

Why beam'd from my Eudocia's eyes,
That softly piercing ray,
Why did such heart-felt raptures rise,
From her seraphic lay?

Stranger alike to love and care,
Oft have I trod the plain;
Gaz'd unconcern'd at every fair,
No rapture felt, nor pain.

To gentle Phillis, Flavia bright,
Or Delia, nymph so blest,
My artless songs and ditties light,
I equally addrest.

If e'er the partial maidens deign'd,
My carrols to approve,
My fondest wishes were obtain'd,
Nor dream'd I ought of love.

But ah! since my Eudocia's charms,
This conquer'd heart have won,
She, only she, my genius warms,
I sing of her alone.

Absent or near, what thrilling pain,
Distracts my aching breast;
Absent or near I still complain,
And sigh and cannot rest.

Restore, ah! much lov'd maid, restore,
A heart to wisdom due,
Till some few youthful years roll o'er,
And make it worthy you!

Let truth once more my soul inflame,
Let virtue be my prize;
O give me back my love of fame,
And fondness to be wise.

Yet how from thee can I require,
A heart that never told,
That thou alone didst love inspire,
And all its thoughts controul'd.

Nor yet, dear maid! disclos'd by me,
The secret pains I feel;
In justice to myself and thee,
From thee I must conceal.

But ah! how vain the flattering breast,
The glance I ceaseless roll,
Thy tender hands so gently press'd,
All speak my love-sick soul.

Oft do I strive with anxious toil,
My passion to subdue:
But all in vain—one look or smile,
—Revives the flame anew.

In vain I shun the mansion dear,
Where dwells the matchless maid;
In vain I breathe in distant air,
Or seek some distant shade.

Where'er my wandering footsteps rove,
O'er hills or flow'ry lawn,
Through tufted glades or haunted grove,
At eve or rising dawn.

Still in each varying scene I meet,
The lovely smiling fair;
I know no distant, close retreat,
But my Eudocia's there.

Oft by the taper's trembling light,
At midnight's silent hour;
As wrapt in thought profound I sit,
And truths divine explore.

Her rising image strikes my eye,
In all her charms confest,
Instant the grave ideas fly,
And love alarms my breast.

Should reason urge her friendly aid,
How weak, alas! her voice:
When such the blooming generous maid,
Can reason blame the choice?

Yet still methinks her voice I hear,
And reason seems to say,
Take heed fond youth, nor rashly dare,
Love's dictates to obey.

Though every charm of face and mind,
In thy Eudocia meet;
Though innocence with beauty join'd,
The matchless fair complete:

Yet still desist; nor idly spend
In love thy early youth;
With constant footsteps still attend,
The valiant shrine of truth.

When some few youthful years have roll'd
Their tedious length away;
And all thy ripening powers unfold,
Their beauties to the day;

Then, if the fates propitious prove,
The nymph with all her charms,
At hymen's shrine shall meet thy love,
And bless thy longing arms.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Messrs. Editors,

My ingenious colleague, PROBE, would seem to be ignorant of his best friends; or else he is ambitious to monopolize all the laurels which are to be acquired in the contest respecting the *dead languages*;—for, he treats his aid-de-camp rather roughly, considering he volunteered his services in this perilous war of extermination. I can assure him it will be the best mark of good generalship in him to keep fair weather with *me*; for there is such a taste prevailing in our country to *revive* those *dead* sciences, that none but those who about equal "*his sense*," or *mine*, will enlist under his banners.—There have been so many elaborate essays, and such a phalanx of champions in favor of those pedantic accomplishments, that in *my* opinion PROBE ought to engage as many succours as possible in order to secure a victory. Some of our antagonists have been arrogant enough to assert that an acquaint-

ance with the ancient claſſics had the effect of increaſing our knowledge of *our own language*; that by ſuch acquaintance a man was not only rendered a more elegant ſcholar, but likewiſe that it gave him an immediate introduction to the wiſdom and beauties of antiquity;—ay, and a deal more of ſuch ſophiſtry have they been guilty of, which I have not patience to relate. I wiſh to ſee PROBE *examine* their arguments thoroughly, and if they turn out to be ſuch as we are ſure they muſt, then I am entirely at his ſervice. I am ſorry to obſerve how much he undervalues me, his faithful coadjutor;—that is not the way *other* great leaders obtain victories. It is by encouraging their troops that they arrive at conqueſt. Now PROBE is ſo uncivil and impolitic, as to ſay that "BISTOURI is (or rather ought to be) a pointed inſtrument; but I perceive *this one* (meaning his faithful coadjutor) has loſt the *point*." He ought to have been guarded againſt dropping any thing reſpecting his friend which looked like *ſatire*. Beſides, he ſhould have recollected that there is a kind of Biſtouri which has been denominated PROBE-*pointed*; ſignifying that it is blunt or *dull* at the *point*, ſomewhat like a PROBE. He might have been aſſured that I had too good an idea of ſubordination to attempt to aſpire at a greater degree of *acuteneſs* than the hero under whom I enliſted. I know it is imprudent in a ſubaltern, neither will my diffidence permit me, to claim greater *acumen* than is poſſeſſed by the commanding officer; but I truſt he will not reject my voluntary propoſal, becauſe I happen to be one of that kind of Biſtouris which reſembles a PROBE at the *point*. I think it would be a very unnatural procedure. If he ſhould give me any encouragement at all, I will undertake to help him explode *ſeveral* ſuperfluous branches of polite literature. I will aſſiſt him in attacking the *languages* in the firſt place; and prove that a knowledge of them makes a man proud, and very unfit for genteel, or *polite* company. Why I have an acquaintance who is very apt to be talking about the beauties of Virgil and Horace; and ſays that they cannot be infuſed into a tranſlation. Moreover, he inſiſts upon it that a complete knowledge of the grammatical ſtructure of our own language cannot be obtained without an acquaintance with the ancient tongues. In this way am I peſtered beyond all endurance—for it is extremely provoking to ſee another ſo much ones ſuperior in thoſe matters. It gives him the air of an inſtructor, which is always offenſive to a man of true ſpirit. Hence I ſay claſſical ſcholars are apt to be very *unpolite* in *faſhionable* company; as they make a practice of appearing to *know more* than we PROBES and BISTOURIS can pretend to. This evil cries aloud for correction. Let PROBE only ſay the word, and I ſhall uſe my endeavours to render the next generation more *polite* than many of the preſent are, by aboliſhing, if poſſible, thoſe pedant making ſtudies. What! ſhall a ſet of bookworms be ſuffered to enjoy the pleaſures of claſſical ſtudies, while thouſands are doomed to remain ignorant of them? I gueſs they will be told a different ſtory before we have done with them.—Though they may now *pipe* the praiſes of the dead languages on a high key, yet ſome of their *fiſtulæ* will be apt to feel the influence of a PROBE and a

BISTOURI.

March 26th, 1806.

For the Evening Fire-ſide.

A CARD.

If thoſe champions in the cauſe of aboliſhing the ſtudy of the *dead languages*, viz. PROBE and BISTOURI, ſhould require any aſſiſtance in their arduous undertaking, the underſigned is ready upon the ſhorteſt notice to lend his aid in *extirpating* thoſe *fungus excreſcences* of literature; and pledges himſelf to go all lengths with them in their *operations* againſt the more *incomeatable* branches of learning. The ſmalleſt hint from PROBE, who appears to be the principal in this buſineſs, will ſuffice to call into action the *exerciſing* powers of his admirer,

SCALPEL.

March 30th, 1806.

For the Evening Fire-ſide.

TO MY SEGAR.

Though oft, the poet's pleaſing theme,
The pipe immortal lives,
Though oft is ſung the ſmoky ſtream,
Which joy and pleaſure gives;
Once more I'll tune the vocal lay,
Attempt the muſes ear;
The meed of gratitude to pay,
To thee, my ſweet segar!

When gloom and vapours haunt my brain,
And mirth and glee depart;
When dark deſpondency's fell train,
Infeſt my aching heart;
With thy delightful fumes I chaſe,
The duſky fiends afar,
And ſullen humours yield a place,
To thee my ſweet segar.

When cheerful friends together meet,
In ſocial mirth to join,
With genial hearts each other greet,
And ſip the balmy wine;
No fiend of diſcord enters there,
Their temp'rate joys to mar,
But pleaſure and delight repair,
With thee my ſweet segar.

When riſing with the dawning day,
I ſeek the rivulet's ſide,
When fogs obſcure the morn's faint ray,
And o'er the ſcene preſide;
To ſee the duſky ſhades of night,
And clouds retiring far,
I climb the craggy mountain's height,
With thee my ſweet segar.

And oft when Noon reſumes her reign,
I ſeek the woodland ſhade,
When panting herds reſign the plain,
To ramble through the glade;
Reclin'd in yonder fragrant vale,
My breaſt no tumults jar,
But charming odours ſcent the gale,
From thee my ſweet segar.

And when beneath the moon's pale beam,
I muſing onward rove,
To wander by the murm'ring ſtream,
Or through the ſhadowy grove;
The fabled regent of the night,
Or Evening's brilliant ſtar,
Yield not to me ſuch dear delight,
As thee my ſweet segar.

Nor yet to me alone are given,
The raptures you inſpire,
But all may taſte the boon of heaven,
And gratify deſire;
All may partake the bliſs I ſing;
And oft the wandering tar,
When night impends on ebon wing,
Enjoys his ſweet segar.

When angry clouds a ſtorm portend,
Or eddying whirlwinds riſe,
When mingled rain and flames deſcend,
And blend the ſeas and ſkies;
Yet ſtill to reef or hand the ſail,
Or buſy rig the ſpar,
He flies, nor heeds the driving gale,
With thee his ſweet segar.

The ſoldier in the tented field,
When day reſigns her reign,
Flies to partake the joys you yield,
And leaves the ſanguine plain;
Or when amid the ſlumbering hoſt,
Forgets the toils of war,
Content if at his midnight poſt,
He ſmokes his ſweet segar.

LYRICU

For the Evening Fire-ſide.

To the Editors.

I have frequently heard men diſcu
about the paſſions, and a contrariety o
timent is expreſſed and maintained, m

through the want of proper definitions of the terms they uſe. The following ſketch is deſigned for the diſſemination of uſeful information.

"Paſſions in moral philoſophy, are certain emotions of the ſoul, which make it purſue what appears to be good, and avoid whatever threatens evil."

"By reflecting, ſays Mr. Locke, on the various modifications or tempers of the mind, and the internal ſenſations which pleaſure and pain, good and evil produce in us, we may thence form to ourſelves the ideas of our paſſions. Thus, by reflecting on the thought we have of the delight which any thing is apt to produce in us, we form an idea which we call love. Deſire is that uneaſineſs which a man finds in himſelf upon the abſence of any thing, the preſent enjoyment of which cauſes delight. Joy is a delight of the mind, ariſing from the preſent, or aſſured approaching, poſſeſſion of good. Sorrow is an uneaſineſs of the mind, upon the thought of a good loſt, or the ſenſe of a preſent evil. Hope is a pleaſure in the mind, upon the thought of a future enjoyment of a thing which is apt to delight. Fear is an uneaſineſs of the mind, upon the thought of a future evil likely to befal us. Anger is a diſcompoſure of the mind, upon the receipt of injury, with a preſent purpoſe of revenge. Deſpair is the thought of the unattainableneſs of any good. Envy is an uneaſineſs of mind, cauſed by the conſideration of a good we deſire, obtained by one we think ſhould not have had it before us."

TRANSCRIBER.

For the Evening Fire-side.

When we feel oppreſs'd by care,
Sighing gives the heart relief;
'Tis a ſoother of deſpair,
'Tis a tribute due to grief.

Champion of the ſcribbling throng!
Leader of the fairy-train!
For departed *powers of ſong*,
Give me leave to ſigh again.

If again I "rend the ſky,"
Fairies keep a ſharp look out;
See at ev'ry burſting ſigh,
How the ſtars will dodge about.

Wither'd wreathes to thee belong,
Ample honour for a king;
Who has given his *Sylphs* a *ſong*,
Hardly fit for frogs to ſing.

Sylphs on "ſedgy beds repoſe,"
Sedgy beds are found in bogs;
Ergo, Sylphs we may ſuppoſe,
Are a mongrel kind of frogs.

May I be amongſt the number,
(Hating ſuch diſcordant ſound)
Who are "wrapt in peaceful ſlumber,"
When that *curious ſong* goes round.

If a *mortal* not ſo *heavy*,
That ſad torturing jargon hears,
He will quickly cry peccavi,
And betake him to his prayers.

Unconnected lines like thine,
Make a reader loathe the page,
Heave ſuch feeling hearts as mine,
Turn to pity critic rage.

If old Hudibras's ſon,
Really "*prov'd a genuine lay*,"
He'll no doubt before he's done,
Beat his daddy far away.

Tho' "*the ſons of folly's lays*,"
Round the fire-ſide circle throng,
Some "in theſe degenerate days,"
Still retain "the powers of ſong."

Do not take a haſty leave,
Modeſt merit ne'er abaſh;
But "*with ſacred ſilence cleave*,"
Each PRETENDER's calabaſh.

Fallen bard, ſome other day,
Tho' I've heard a "*laſt adieu*,"
Other *beauties* I'll diſplay,
Still to friendſhip's duties true.

PHILOPOETICUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

It is to be regretted that too great a part of the opinions of mankind are founded in prejudice. Notions impoſed from certain ſources are inſinuated into the mind without the ſcrutiny of reaſon, and by remaining there awhile without being ſcrupled, are conſidered as truths. *Theſe* truths, are advanced as data for certain doctrines, and ſo produce a ſeries of errors. Does it not therefore behove us, that no principle be by us, implicitly adopted. Some of our principles are founded on abſolute certainty, others on probability only, and the moment that probability ceaſes to exiſt, we ought to recant our opinion. Whatever principles are laid down as a foundation, whereupon to ground our reaſoning: whether theſe principles be admitted as facts, or only as probabilities, they are ſufficient grounds to build our reaſoning upon: but ſhould further inveſtigation render theſe probabilities improbable, by ſubſtituting ſomething of clearer evidence diſagreeing therewith, the foundation of thoſe reaſonings being routed, the whole ſuperſtructure muſt fall. Men entertain different opinions, according to the aſſociation and combinations of their ideas, and theſe ideas are altogether acquired by ſenſation and reflection. Why may we not recieve all our ideas through the medium of the ſenſes, ſince it muſt be through their medium, that all our ideas are communicated to the world, or rendered ſerviceable to ourſelves or others. Your correſpondent LOGICUS ſays, "I apprehend, nay, I am fully convinced, that mankind never would have formed any idea of a God or a Saviour, if this idea had not been communicated by another medium than that of the ſenſes." So far am I from aſſenting to that aſſertion, that I believe mankind have no other idea of a God, than that acquired by the ſenſes. I ſhall not (as LOGICUS has done) conſider my belief as a proof of the doctrine I advance; but endeavour to ſhow how we may acquire that idea. Man by his ſenſes (if he know anything) knows that he himſelf exiſts; he likewiſe knows by reflection, that he did not create himſelf; and he muſt by purſuing the ſame reflection, ſee that there was a time when man did not exiſt; it then follows that he muſt by ſome power have been created: now, as it is evident, *nothing* cannot produce *a ſomething*, he is under the neceſſity of admitting a Firſt great Creating Power, which by the mutual conſent of mankind, has been denominated GOD. If the idea of God, were by *himſelf* implanted in the minds of men, they all would have had the *ſame*, and all a *correct* idea of him; but by conſulting the pages of hiſtory we find it quite otherwiſe.

LOGICUS alſo ſays, "in philoſophic and ſcientific enquiry, and the ordinary concerns of life, is the proper ſphere of reaſon; but when it is applied to the inveſtigation of the myſteries of religion, it is but moon-ſhine at beſt." Inſtead of which, *reaſon* is the very foundation and ſupport of religion; the very mean by which religion is protected from the fallacies and impoſitions of the deſigning. I do not pretend infallability in my obſervations, but only follow what to me appears the moſt probable: and once convinced of error, will relinquiſh my opinion for that which bears the greater marks of truth.

CLIO.

For the Evening Fire-ſide.

Winter, thy ſtern reign is over,
Hie thee hence away,
I in thee no charms diſcover,
Which can bid me wiſh thee ſtay;

On thy ſiſter's opening beauty,
Let not thy cold frowns intrude,
Haſte away as is thy duty,
With thy tempeſts dark and rude.

Swiftly now soft spring advances,
On the southern breezes borne;
At her side young pleasure dances,
Chaplets gay her brows adorn.

Whilst around my lowly dwelling,
Traces of thy hand I see,
Nature's charms my muse impelling,
Bids me wake the song to thee.

Bids me oft at early morning,
Mark yon glorious orb of day,
Hills, and mountain tops adorning,
With his first resplendant ray.

Whilst ascending from the grove,
Music's softest sounds I hear,
Warbling noise of joy and love,
Floating on the balmy air.

And shall my heart to join refuse,
The anthem of the feather'd choir,
Or in supine indulgence loose,
The incense breathing morning hour.

When nature with her blooming treasures,
Gaily deck the blossom'd vale,
Let me still in simplest measures,
Bid the vernal season hail.

Let me far remote from fashion,
Far remote from pomp and noise,
Sweet retirement, gain admission,
To thy intellectual joys.

Let me through thy woodlands wander,
Led by friendship's gentle hand,
I no longer seek for splendor,
I no more her vot'ry stand.

Cities with their proud enjoyments,
Have their charms which I resign;
Rural pleasures and employments,
Rural happiness be mine.

JULIET.

Oblivion Vale, April 25.

For the Evening Fire-side.

There are few persons who have not some peculiarity in the manner of relating a story; in their walking, or common conversation; on this subject it is related, that the clergyman of a ship finding his messmates much addicted to the practice of interlarding every thing they said with a profusion of oaths, and considering that direct reproof would be attended with no good effect, when it came to his turn to enliven the conversation by his tale, he introduced the words "bottle," "glass," into those places where his jolly companions would have been content with nothing less than a profane oath. His messmates scented the joke, and found the ridicule so poignant, that they quit the immoral and disgusting practice. Though the practice of swearing in conversation, is by no means common among the company I frequent, yet explitives though not so immoral, yet highly displeasing, are not unfrequently made use of, and ought to be corrected. Of this I was a witness a few evenings since, when a friend of mine, on the various topics discussed, discovered what a multitude of words it is possible to ingraft into the conversation, and which have not, neither were intended to have any weight. Had I possessed the talent of the clergyman, I should have been disposed to try the effect of his ridicule; but as that was not the case, I shall endeavour to give you an idea of his manner by the following relation.

"Bonaparte "see," is a consummate general. His passage over the Alps, "see," was an astonishing thing. His defeat of Milan, "see," and capture of his magazines, "see," was surprising. "It is a fact," the destruction of his army, "see," compleated the hopes of the French and the despondency of the Austrians. And now "tis a fact" he will compel the Emperor, "see," to a disgraceful peace. And "its a fact," if Prussia continue neuter, "see," Russia must resign the contest, and leave England to struggle alone, "look ye," with the gigantic power of France, encreased astonishingly, "tis a fact" by the humiliation of Austria, and the increased power, "see" which Bavaria will acquire.—And "tis a fact," what will be the consequence to Great Britain? she must be conquered or submit "see" to a disgraceful peace—then is her sun set forever, "see," as every subsequent year will increase the strength "see" of the regenerated nation. On the other hand "tis a fact," the diminished power and reputation of Britain "see" will rapidly hasten her decline and consequent ruin."

In this manner my good friend loads his tale with useless epithets—and the "bottle" and "glass" would have answered the purpose full as well, had they been lugged in by the ears in the same way.

There are many persons who would be pleasing companions, was it not for this unfortunate mode of conveying their sentiments; and indeed my friend is in reality so, setting aside all those little matters. And although I attempt here to correct them, I am assured I am not exempt from fault. Perhaps some friendly hand may point out to me what I do not discover as objectionable in myself, and I hope when that shall be the case, it may be done with the same good intention.

OBSERVER.

Note. The conversation above alluded to took place last winter, and these observations were written directly afterward.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Messrs. Editors,

After your avowed aversion to enigma was not a little surprised to see in your l number, a most enigmatical antiphysical mathematical question, proposed for the co sideration of your sage readers. Your co respondent who proposed it, seems to ha laboured so far in his mazy metaphysic syllogistical researches after truth as to d serve in his own opinion, the title of *sa* And far be it from me to detract from h merits, or attempt to remove the laurel fro his learned brow. The judicious selecti which he has made of animals, to run foot race, deserves some credit, as it for a pleasing contrast with the laborious ser infinite indissolubilities in the investigation of which, his brains must have been su ciently racked to require some temporary lief, by descending to some well known v ble, and definite objects. Although competent to solve his wonderful probl to his satisfaction, I cannot help expressi my surprise that he did not point out anot difficulty in his pursuit, or conceive th there was an absolute impossibility in nature of the animals to perform their greement. For though the goose while w dling may by some be conceived to run, a frog who moves only by leaping, swimming could not be said to run even tenth of a mile. Further, I conceive it a attempt in ANTI-PHISICO-MATHEMATI or any of your sage readers to measure i nite objects with the slender and finite p ers of comprehension which they pos and therefore leave them for the pre with this motto for their consider Ne sutor uttra crepidem.

April 28, 1806.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

A wish to be accounted somebody is common among men. Almost all are bitious of attaining distinction; some one way and some in another, accordi the situation in which they happen t placed. Among all the schemes in c zed life, that which to me appears disgusting is a haughtiness of deport It is ill calculated to produce the e such probably have in view: in this the doubt are quite *out of their politi* Whoever realizes the rules of Lavater acknowledge the countenance is an ind the mind. But many appear never to considered these things. How frequ do we observe men along the street, sting with all imaginary importance; &

ifregarding the generality of our citizens, hat one in mediocrity is in danger of being *un over* by them. Some will hardly ondeſcend even to look down upon the laſs they conceive to be beneath their own. Theſe, they ſeem to conſider as inſignificant nimals, who, like dogs, ought always to et out of the way. Such *great men* I onſider as hopeleſs, and beyond the reach f advice. It can be of no uſe to remind hem that "pride was not made for man." ut there are others whom admonition may each, becauſe they have not become eſtabſhed in the idea that they are more excelnt and dignified than almoſt every other.

MEDIOCRITAS.

ELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Venenum tetigisse timent, fugiuntque poetam.—HOR.

y, neighbours, fly! he raves; his verses show it; y, or you're caught! you're bit by a mad poet.

I remember, when I was young, a relaon carried me to viſit a gentleman who d written ſome pieces that had been very ell received, and made me very happy by romiſing to introduce me to an author. s ſoon as I came, I ſurveyed his whole erſon from top to toe with the ſtricteſt attion; ſat open mouthed to catch every liable that he uttered, and noticed his ice, manner, and every word and geſture, th the minuteſt obſervation. I could not lp wiſpering to myſelf the whole evening, I am in company with an author;" and ited with the moſt anxious impatience to ar him deliver ſomething that might diſguiſh him from the reſt of mankind. The ntleman behaved with great cheerfulneſs d politeneſs: but he did not at all anſwer idea which I had conceived of an auor; and I went away exceedingly diſappinted, becauſe I could not find any ſtrikdifference between him and the reſt of acquaintance.

There is no character in human life ich is the ſubject of more frequent ſpeation among the vulgar, than an author. me look on him with contempt, and ers with admiration; but they all agree believing him to be ſomething different m all other people; and it is remarkable h what greedineſs they attend to any e anecdotes which they can pick up cerning his life and converſation. He indeed, a kind of an ideal being of ich people conceive very different noas. By ſome he is ſuppoſed never to ſtir of a garret, to wear a ruſty black coat, y ſhirt, and darned ſtockings, and to t all the neceſſaries, as well as conveniencies of life: while others regard him as a creature ſuperior to the reſt of mortals, and endued with ſomething more than reaſon. One part, therefore is ſurpriſed to ſee him walk abroad, and appear as well dreſſed as other people: and another is diſappointed when they find him talk and act, and fill the offices of life no better than any other common man.

Nor is it leſs curious to conſider the different ideas they conceive of the manner in which the buſineſs of writing is executed. The novice in literature "ſmit with the love of ſacred ſong," but not yet dipt in ink, ſuppoſes it all rapture and enthuſiaſm, and in imagination ſees the author running wildly about his room, talking poetry to the chairs and tables: while the mechanic conſiders him working at his trade, and thinks he can ſit down to write whenever he pleaſes, as readily as the ſmith can labour at his forge, or a carpenter plane a board. Indeed, he regards the author with ſome veneration as a ſcholar; but writing appears to him a mighty eaſy buſineſs, and he ſmiles whenever he hears anybody mention the labour of it; nor has he the leaſt conception of the mind's being fatigued with thinking, and the fancy haraſſed with purſuing a long train of ideas.

As people are frequently led to judge of a man from his ordinary converſation, ſo it is common for them to form an idea of the author's diſpoſition from the peculiar turn and colour of his writings: they expect a gloom to be ſpread over the face of a mathematician; a controverſial writer muſt be given to wrangling and diſpute; and they imagine that a ſatiriſt muſt be made up of ſpleen, envy, and ill nature. But this criterion is by no means certain and determinate: I know an author of a tragedy, the merrieſt man living; and one who has written a very witty comedy, though he will ſit an hour in company without ſpeaking a word. Lord Buckhurſt is celebrated for being "the beſt good man with the worſt natured muſe; and Addiſon was remarkably ſhy and reſerved in converſation. I remember, I once fell in company with a painter, a poet, a divine, and a phyſician, who were no leſs famous for their wit and humour than for their excellence in their ſeveral profeſſions. After ſome minutes of general converſation, the phyſician and the poet fell into a diſpute concerning predeſtination; the divine ſmoked his pipe quietly, without putting in a word; while the painter and myſelf formed a privy counſel for the good of the nation. Thus, were it poſſible to conjure up the ſpirits of the moſt eminent wits in former ages, and put them together, they would perhaps appear to be very dull company. Virgil and Addiſon would probably ſit ſtaring at each other without opening their mouths; Horace and Steele would perhaps join in condemnation of the liquor; and Swift would in all likelihood divert himſelf with ſucking his cheeks, drawing figures in the wine ſpilt upon the table, or twirling the cork-ſcrew round his finger.

The ſtrange prejudices which ſome perſons conceive againſt authors, deter many a youth from drawing his pen in the ſervice of literature; or, if he ventures to commit a favourite work to the preſs, he ſteals to the printers with as much caution and privacy as he would perhaps, on another occaſion to a ſurgeon. He is afraid he ſhall injure his character by being known to have written anything, and that the genteel part of his acquaintance will deſpiſe him as a low wretch, as ſoon as they diſcover him to be an author; as if merely the appearing in print was a diſgrace to a gentleman, and the 'imprimatur' to his works was no more than a ſtamp of ſhame and ignominy. Theſe are the terrors which at firſt diſturb the peace of almoſt every author; and have often put me in mind of the exclamation of that writer who cried out "O that mine enemy had written a book!"

Theſe fearful apprehenſions are perhaps no unlucky drawback on the vanity natural to all authors, which undoubtedly they often conceal or ſuppreſs, out of deference to the world: but, if this falſe modeſty is too much cheriſhed, it muſt of courſe damp all genius and diſcourage every literary undertaking. Why ſhould it be diſgraceful to exert the nobleſt faculties given us by nature? and why ſhould any man bluſh at acquitting himſelf well in a work which there is ſcarce one in five hundred has a capacity to perform? Even ſuppoſing any author to ſupport himſelf by the profit ariſing from his works, there is nothing more diſhoneſt, ſcandalous, or mean in it, than an officer in the army (the politeſt of all profeſſions) living on his commiſſion. Senſe and genius are as proper commodities to traffic in as courage; and an author is no more to be condemned as an hackney ſcribbler, though he writes at the rate of ſo much per ſheet, than a colonel ſhould be deſpiſed as a mercenary and a bravo, for expoſing himſelf to be ſlaſhed, ſtuck, and ſhot at for ſo much per day. The truth is, that authors themſelves often create the evils they complain of, and bring a diſgrace on the ſervice of literature, by being

aſhamed to wear the badge of it. Voltaire, in his letters on the Engliſh, relates a remarkable inſtance of this kind of falſe pride in our own Congreve. Voltaire, when he was in England, waited on Congreve, and told him, that he was glad of an opportunity of paying his reſpects to a writer ſo much celebrated for his wit and humour. Congreve received him politely enough; but replied, that he ſhould be glad to ſee him as a common gentleman, but would not be conſidered or converſed with as an author. The French writer was a good deal ſurpriſed at ſuch a ridiculous piece of delicacy, and could not help telling him, that, if he had been no more than a common gentleman, he ſhould never have had any deſire of ſeeing him.

I have often pleaſed myſelf with reflecting on the different opinions which my readers muſt have formed of me, ſince my firſt appearance as an author. As poverty is one of the general characteriſtics of our brotherhood, thoſe who indulge themſelves in a contempt of writers, have, I doubt not, often painted me to their imagination in a very groteſque taſte. Their ideal caricatures have perhaps often repreſented me lodged at leaſt three ſtories from the ground, compoſing diſſertations on the modern taſte in architecture: at another time I may have been delineated ſitting in a tattered night-gown and the breeches of an heathen philoſopher, writing ſatires on the preſent mode of dreſs: and ſometimes, perhaps, they have figured me half ſtarved for want of an hearty meal, penning invectives againſt luxury and debauchery.

But while theſe have reduced me to this low condition, "ſteeped me in poverty to the very lips," I flatter myſelf that ſome few have beſtowed on me an extraordinary ſhare of virtue and underſtanding. After ſo many grave leſſons againſt the vices and luxury of the preſent age, they will naturally ſuppoſe that I never riſked a farthing at the gaming-table, never kept a miſtreſs, would decline an invitation to a turtle-feaſt, and, rather than be provoked to fight a duel, would take a kick on the breech, or tweak by the noſe, with all the calmneſs and reſignation imaginable. As to my wit and humour, I ſhould bluſh to ſet down the many compliments I have had from ſeveral unknown correſpondents on that head: and I once received a note from a very honeſt gentleman, who deſired to ſpend an evening with me, promiſing himſelf great diverſion in cracking a bottle with the facetious Mr. Town.

Theſe various opinions of me as an author I ſhall never labour to reconcile; but ſhall be equally contented with inſtructing and amuſing the gentle reader, whether he conſiders my papers as favours ſhowered down upon him from a bookſeller's garret, or iſſuing from my own apartment. However this may be, I ſhall never think it a diſgrace to have written, or be aſhamed to be conſidered as an author; and if Mr. Voltaire ſhould think proper to viſit England again, I ſhall be very glad of a literary chat with him, and will give him a moſt gracious reception.

(Connoiſſeur.)

THE FRIEND,

Commonly called the Quaker.

In patriarchal plainness, lo! around
The festive board, a friendly tribe convene;
Chaste, simple, neat, and modest in attire,
And chastely simple in their manners too;
To them her gay varieties, in vain,
Fashion displays, inconstant as the moon.
Then to allure, in vain does chymic art,
For human vestments multiply its dyes.
One mode of dress contents them; and but few
The colours of their choice—the gaudy shunn'd
E'en by the gentle sisterhood. In youth,
The rose's vivid hue their cheeks, alone,
Wear, dimpling; shaded by a bonnet plain,
White as the cygnet's bosom; jetty black
As raven's wing; or, if a tint it bear,
'Tis what the harmless dove herself assumes.
The hardier sex, an unloop'd hat, broad brimm'd,
Shelters from summer's heat and winter's cold;
That from its station high ne'er deigns to stoop,
Obsequious not to custom nor to king.
Yet, though precise, and primitive in speech,
Restrain they not the smile, the seemly jest,
Nor e'en the cordial laugh, that cynics grave
Falsely assert "bespeaks a vacant mind."
Serenely gay, with gener[illegible] ale they fill
The temp'rate cup: no wa[illegible] of new-coin'd toast
To give it zest; "Good fellowship and peace"
Their sentiment, their object, and their theme.

[*Salem Register.*]

On Blindneſs, and the ſurpriſing faculty of blind perſons. From the Encyclopædia Londinenſis.

(Concluded from our last.)

Thoſe among the blind who have had ſenſibility to expreſs the effects of their misfortunes, have deſcribed them in terms capable of penetrating the moſt unfeeling heart. Homer, the venerable father of epic poetry, who, in the perſon of Demodocus, the Phæatian bard, is ſaid to have deſcribed his own ſituation, proceeds thus:

Dear to the muse, who gave his days to flow
With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe,
In clouds and darkness quench'd his visual ray,
Yet gave him power to raise the lofty lay. POPE.

Oſſian, who in his old age participated the ſame calamity, has, in more than one paſſage of his works, deſcribed his ſituation in a manner ſo delicate, yet ſo pathetic that it awakens the fineſt feelings of the heart:

"O thou that rolleſt above, round as the ſhield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O ſun! whence thy everlaſting light? Thou comeſt forth in thy awful beauty, and the ſtars hide themſelves in the ſky; the moon, cold and pale, ſinks in the weſtern wave. But thou thyſelf movеſt alone: who can be a companion of thy courſe? The oaks of the mountain fall; the mountains themſelves decay with years; the ocean ſhrinks and grows again; the moon herſelf is loſt in heaven: but thou art forever the ſame; rejoicing in the brightneſs of thy courſe. When the world is dark with tempeſts; when thunder rolls, and lightning glances through the heaven, thou lookeſt in thy beauty from the cloud, and laugheſt at the ſtorm. But to Oſſian thou lookeſt in vain: for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eaſtern clouds, or thou tremblеſt at the gates of the weſt. But thou art, perhaps, like me for a ſeaſon; and thy years will have an end: thou ſhalt ſleep in thy clouds, careleſs of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O ſun, in the ſtrength of thy youth! age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it ſhines through broken clouds, and the miſt is on the hills, when the howling blaſt of the north is on the plain, and the traveller ſhrinks in the midſt of his journey."

It were endleſs to mention the various mechanical operations of which the blind are capable, by their nicety and accuracy of touch. In ſome, the tactile powers are ſaid to have been ſo highly improved, as to perceive that texture and diſpoſition of coloured ſurfaces by which ſome rays of light are reflected and others abſorbed, and in this manner to diſtinguiſh colours. The teſtimonies, however, for this fact, appear too vague and general to deſerve public credit. But that their acouſtic perceptions are diſtinct and accurate, we may conclude from the rapidity with which they diſcern the acuteneſs or gravity of different tones, as relative one to another; and from their exact diſcernment of the various kinds and modifications of ſound, and of ſonorous objects, if the ſounds themſelves are in any degree ſignificant of their cauſes. From this accuracy of external ſenſation and from the aſſiduous applications

omprehenſive and attentive mind, we are ble to account for the rapid and aſtoniſhing rogreſs which ſome of them have made in noſe departments of literature, which were noſt obvious to their ſenſes and acceſſible o their underſtandings. What, for inance, can be more remote from the conceptions of a blind man, than the abſtract elations and properties of ſpace and quanity? yet the incomprehenſible attainments f Dr. Saunderſon, of Cambridge, in all he branches of mathematics, are now ully known by the literary world, both rom the teſtimony of his pupils, and the ublication of his works. But, ſhould the act be ſtill uncertain, it might be ſufficient- verified by a living inſtance, in the perſon f Doctor Moyes, of Mancheſter, who, hough blind from his infancy, by the arour and aſſiduity of his application, and y the force of natural genius, has not on- made great advances in mechanical opeations, in muſic, and in the languages; ut is likewiſe ſkilled in geometry, in opics, in algebra, in aſtronomy, in chemiſry, and in moſt other branches of natural hiloſophy. His example alone is abunantly ſufficient to do away the vulgar preudice, which preſumes to think blindneſs nd learning incompatible; and that the ultivation of the talents of blind perſons a weary and unpromiſing taſk.

Addreſs to a Village Church.

Say, ancient edifice, thyself with years
Grown grey, how long upon the hill has stood
Thy weather-braving tower, and silent mark'd
The human leaf in constant bud and fal.?
The generations of deciduous man,
How often hast thou seen them pass away?
How often has thy still surrounding sward
Yawn'd for the fathers of the peopled vale,
And clos'd upon them all! Thy during sane,
How often has it shed the dew of grace
On the mute infant, and receiv'd him soon
A coffin'd elder, silver-lock'd with age?
O tell-me, reverend structure, what events
Of awful import on the tide of time
Have floated by thee, as the bubble vain?
What armies on that distant hill engag'd,
To leave those scars of war upon its brow?
What blood was shed, and why, and where sleep now
The wrathful combatants of either host?
Saw'st thou the hill its hungry entrails ope
To swallow the pale dead, which reason deems
Beneath the still sward slumber of yon mounts?
Princes and people (wouldst thou make report)
Armies and fleets, hast thou seen pass away
Transient as vapours, and in thy esteem
All things are yesterday and recent change.
Speak, thou sage preacher, and to make me wise,
Tell but that ancient secret, where sleeps now
He, who thy aisles design'd, or they who built?
"Deep, deep in earth—nor shall thy life suffice
"The mingled generations to remove,
"Whose bones and ashes have envelop'd theirs.
"These my profound and monitory bell
"All to their still graves summon'd, as it calls
"Now to his narrow, everlasting couch,
"Yon villages departed! Ask no more!
"Ere long I toll for thee! Away—prepare!"

"'Tis wonderful with what coolneſs and indifference the greater part of mankind ſee war commenced. Thoſe who hear of it at a diſtance, or read of it in books, but have never preſented its evils to their minds, conſider it as little more than a ſplendid game, a proclamation, an army, a battle, and a triumph. Some, indeed, they allow muſt periſh, perhaps, ſome of their deareſt friends in the moſt ſucceſsful field; but then they died upon the bed of honour, reſign their lives amidſt the joys of conqueſts, and filled with glory ſmile in death."

O Peace, thou image of divinity itſelf—deſcend upon that earth from whence the miſtakes of altercating relations have ſo long affrighted thee. Subdue, gentle power, the fierce ſoul of contention. I call upon thee in the names of nature, reaſon, humanity and juſtice—I call upon thee in the name of nature's God!

Ah earth thou common parent—thou whoſe nouriſhing boſom furniſhes to all the children of content that will cultivate thy kindneſs: how art thou made the object of ſanguinary ambition! into what ridiculous portions of ideal property art thou cut out, quarrelled and contended for! How often does the bounteous ſun that ſhines upon thy ſurface to expand the grain and to cheriſh thy various productions, leave thy verdant mantle dipt in gore?

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

The peace of Europe does not appear ſo firmly eſtabliſhed as hath been ſuppoſed.

Pruſſia and the other northern powers of Germany, are about to receive the rewards of their perfidious policy. They muſt ſubmit to the mandates of Bonaparte, or prepare for reſiſtance by force. With what ſucceſs they will be able to reſiſt, may be readily ſuppoſed. Bonaparte will not relinquiſh his plan of ſhutting the German ports and the Baltic againſt Britain: Pruſſia and Denmark cannot aſſent without relinquiſhing their independence, and bringing inevitable ruin upon the commerce of their ſubjects.

[*Norfolk Ledger.*]

London, Feb. 27.—Bonaparte ſtill proſecutes, with unremitting ardour, the plans he has formed for the excluſion of Britiſh manufactures from the continent, and which were not ſuſpended even during the late peace.

By negociation, by intrigue, by promiſes and by threats, he endeavours to bring other powers to adopt his views; that all the ports of the continent, from the extremity of Italy to the Baltic, may be ſhut againſt our commerce. It is underſtood that ſome ſharp remonſtrances on this ſubject have been made, but hitherto without effect, to the court of Berlin. Denmark has been aſſailed in the ſame way, & neither temptations nor threats, we underſtend, has been ſpared to induce her to ſhut the ſound againſt us—a meaſure that would be as ruinous to the commerce of the Danes, as it would be injurious to the Britiſh trade.

The arrival of the Hamburgh mail puts us in poſſeſſion of intereſting intelligence.

The Court of Berlin does not appear eaſy in its preſent poſition. On the 14th inſtant, orders were iſſued to the Pruſſian troops to hold themſelves in readineſs to march. His Majeſty's field equipage was at the ſame time ordered to be prepared. Theſe demonſtrations can ſcarely be the effect of idle apprehenſion. Pruſſia, we are perſuaded, would not deviate from her regular line of policy, which is that of peace, or, at the leaſt, neutrality, except ſhe were driven out of it.—When the ſovereign of Pruſſia aſſumes an hoſtile attitude under the preſent circumſtances of Europe, we may be convinced that it is the reſult of imperious neceſſity.

For what, indeed, can Pruſſia have to contend, and particularly with France, except for two principles. It is impoſſible but the court of Berlin muſt be awake to the dangers of that ſyſtem of degradation and inferiority, to which the obvious courſe of Bonaparte's policy would reduce the principal states of Europe. If Prussia will consent to place herself in the same rank with Austria, Bavaria and Wirtemberg, she may enjoy peace; but if she has the spirit to struggle for the high rank she has obtained, she cannot assert it without coming into collision with France. How can there be a doubt, indeed, of the hostility of the latter power, when we learn that she is about to assemble an army of two hundred thousand men on the Maine? There are neither Austrians, Russians, Britisn or Swedes to combat in this quarter. Against whom, then, can these formidable preparations be directed, but Hesse and Saxony, in the first instance, and Prussia ultimately?

Naples.—The Crown Prince, to whom the king before his departure entrusted the go-

vernment of the country, had dispatched prince Theodore to prince Joseph, to enter into negociations with him. A courier is arrived with intelligence that these negociations have terminated in smoke; and there was nothing more for our royal family to hope or to stipulate. This news has made a wonderful impression; all the Lazzaroni, howling with rage, flew to arms; the crown prince has set off from hence, with the view of putting himself at the head of the crowd *en masse* in Calabria. The French, however, are already on our frontiers; and should this instantaneous determination of resistance continue till the parties come in concert, the most dreadful scenes may be expected to ensue.

Report says that proposals have been made at Paris by a great power for a peace on equitable conditions between France and England. It is added that the emperor Napoleon did not positively reject them. In the mean time it is conjectured that the emperor will not go into the subject till the fate of Naples is decided.

Berlin.—Among the troops still kept in motion, are those of the garrisons of Berlin, Potsdam, and Brandenburg; they may be in marching readiness at any time in the course of three weeks.

It is said that important negociations will be opened at Paris in the course of a few weeks, for the conclusion of an offensive and defensive alliance, for the term of ten years, between France, Austria, Bavaria, and Wurtemburg.

A letter from the captain of a Boston ship at Leghorn, dated Jan. 14, mentions, that on sailing from Boston he was greatly alarmed by the reports of the hostile conduct by the British towards American vessels; but that he was greatly and agreeably disappointed by finding himself, as an American from Boston for Leghorn, universally treated with the greatest politeness—the examinations by the by the boarding officers being of the slightest kind, and they exerting themselves to abridge the time as much as possible while the vessel was detained. He was boarded from 6 or 7 British vessels at different times, from a ship of the line down to a government brig, and fell in with Admiral Collingwood's fleet, and received the same treatment among them.

Revolt in Spanish America.—Capt. Webb, of the brig Eliza, from Maricaibo, informs, that just before he sailed, orders had been received from the Governor of Carracas, to have the militia immediately organized, and the city put in the best state of defence, *as a very alarming revolt had taken place in the interior.*

DOMESTIC.—*New-York.*—The three masted schooner Nimrod, Capt. Manning, from Curracoa, for this port, was captured off the Hook on Friday, by the British frigate Cambrian, and sent for Halifax; and that when the sloop Richard, capt. Pierce, was coming into the Hook the same afternoon, from the Delaware, she was fired at twice by the British ship of war Leander. After the first shot the sloop hove too. Mr. Pierce, brother of the captain, who was standing at the helm, was killed instantly by the second shot. From this it appears, that not even the vessels employed in the coasting trade can escape.

In addition to the above, it is stated by capt. Shephard, who came up last night, that the ship Aurora, from Havanna, and the brig Ceres, from Martinique, were also taken possession of by the Cambrian, and sent for Halifax.

April 26.—The Mayor laid before the Common Council two affidavits respecting the atrocious conduct of the British in the murder of John Pierce, one of our fellow citizens, while on board the sloop Richard, one of our coasting vessels, near Sandy Hook. And also in violating the jurisdictional rights of the United States.

Therefore, Resolved, That in testimony of the lively indignation which this board feels respecting the atrocious murder of a citizen of the United States, and this daring aggression upon our national rights, that the said John Pierce be interred, with the assent of his relatives, at the public expense, on Monday next, at two o'clock; that Alderman Fairlie, Mott, and Mr. John D. Miller, be a committee to make necessary arrangements on this occasion; that this board will attend the funeral in a body; that all the captains of American vessels in the harbour be requested to hoist their colours half mast that day, that the bells be tolled during the solemnity, and that our fellow citizens generally be invited to unite with us on this melancholy occasion.

The Mayor having informed the Common Council that he had immediately communicated to the President of the United States a statement of the improper conduct of the British ships of war off that port.

Resolved, That the board approve of the Mayor's prompt attention to the interest of our city, and that he be requested to obtain such further information as may be practicable, respecting illegal captures, impressments and detention off our port by the said ships, and to transmit the same to the national executive in full confidence that proper measures will be adopted for the vindication of our national honor and interests.

In addition to the above, the accounts from New-York mention that a large periauger, which had sailed early on Saturday morning with provisions for the British squadron off the harbour, was intercepted by a pilot boat, and compelled to return. The populace assembled at the wharf, took out the provisions, loaded several carts therewith, and paraded through some of the principal streets to the alms-house, where the meat was deposited for the use of the poor.

Also that several small vessels had been equipped at the expence of a private association of the principal merchants of New York, and sent in pursuit of the Aurora and Ceres, which had been captured by the British frigate Cambrian, and ordered to Halifax; further particulars respecting the success of the expedition have not been received.

Baltimore, April 25.—Our city, in various parts, felt a sensible concussion about 6 o'clock last evening; and a report of some distant explosion was distinctly heard from the north west quarter by many persons, who were much at a loss to account for it. And shortly after, a cloud of a singular appearance advanced from the same point, exciting still greater curiosity. All doubts, however, were soon arrested by the painful tidings that the valuable Powder-mills belonging to Mr. Lorman and Mr. Donnell, about four miles from the city, had blown up.

The loss of property is very considerable—three houses, two of which were the mills being quite demolished, and another much injured. One of the workmen received a contusion on the head from a descending fragment of one of the buildings, of which he died this morning—another is so badly burnt as to leave no hopes of recovery—and a third considerably maimed. How the catastrophe originated, cannot be ascertained.

We understand that dispatches have been received from Mr. Monroe, stating that he had had an interview with Mr. Fox, who expressed the greatest anxiety to adjust all our differences. In consequence of these dispatches, Mr. William Pinckney, of Maryland, has been nominated minister to London, and warmly approved by the Senate on Monday night.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CALEB THISTLE is deferred till next week on account of the late consignment to our Letter-Box.

PHILO-MODESTY'S communication is a selection too frivolous for insertion.

Our new Correspondent, by bidding us a hasty GOOD-BYE, has inadvertently retired into the *pigeon-hole* of silent repose. He certainly possesses a share of poetic merit; which by care and attention would render him a pleasing companion of the *Fire-side* circle.

Several other communications are received.

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